

# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL TRY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

### ACHMET AND SELIMA.

DON CLEOFAS, of Valladolid, was blest with a beautiful daughter, who was the universal admiration of the whole vicinage; the number of those who aspired to the honour of belonging to her suite was daily increasing, and was at last joined by Don Pedro de Escolano, and Don Juan Zarates. The two strangers had hitherto lived in the strictest amity; but their affection seemed to decay daily, and a mysterious indifference appeared in their behaviour to each other, which neither of them could develop. They dreaded each other, and trembled to come to a denouement.

Selima, who knew they were friends, was cautious how she bestowed her smiles on either of them, or break the cordiality with which they once behaved to each other. But the distance which she assumed in her behaviour to them, served only to hasten the crisis which she thought to procrastinate. The assiduity of the two friends increased in proportion to their fears, and Selima trembled at the consequence of a jealousy, which she discovered to be between the two rivals.

Don Juan was mild, generous, and spirited; Don Pedro was choleric, malicious, and resentful. Determined to get the start of Don Juan, he formed a scheme for running away with Selima, as she went to a bull-feast. With this design he hired a passage in a vessel bound for Carthage, and by large promises and bribes engaged some desperadoes of the crew to assist him in his wicked machinations.

The expected hour arrived: Pedro and his banditti were posted in a place proper for their intentions; and on Selima's appearance, they immediately surrounded her suite, put some to flight, and left Don Cleofas dangerously wounded on the spot. At the beginning of the attack, Selima fell into a swoon, which facilitated her removal, and was immediately conveyed on board the vessel. Judge how great was her surprise when she came to herself, when she found herself, on recovering, in a cabin, and saw Don Pedro sitting by her bed-side! The sight of him produced a relapse, and she appeared several minutes, to all appearance, senseless. The captain's wife, who was on board, ran to her assistance, and by means of some narcotics, brought her again to her senses. As soon as she opened her eyes she turned them away from the place where she had discovered Don Pedro, and invoked the name of her father, wringing her hands, and shedding a deluge of tears; which temporary discharge proved a great relief to her. The captain's wife endeavoured, by the most soothing expressions to comfort her; but was frequently interrupted by her mentioning the name of her father. The agonies which he must suffer on account of this event were uppermost in her thoughts, and in a manner suspended those which she laboured under herself;

and at last she yielded to the importunities of the captain's wife, who persuaded her to take some refreshment. As the latter was going out of the cabin to fetch what she thought might be beneficial to one in her situation, she called her back, and peremptorily told her, that she must make her promise that Don Pedro should not be permitted to have any access to her, threatening, on the contrary, that she would neither make use of any refreshments, nor use any means to prolong her life. The captain's lady assured her that she would religiously comply with her request to the best of her power; and went immediately upon deck to her husband to increase their party and oblige Don Pedro to decline any intention of intruding himself into Selima's apartments. The captain, who was a man of no great delicacy, laughed at his wife's proposal; and calling her a fool, ran to Don Pedro, and informed him of the combination that was to have been formed against him. Pedro thanked him for smothering the conspiracy in embryo, and promised him that he should be no loser by the friendship he had exercised towards him.

While they were in conference together, the captain's wife returned to Selima with the refreshments which she had gone to fetch: on her appearance, Selima asked her, with the greatest eagerness, whether she had prevailed on her husband to be one of their party; and on hearing her answer in the negative, sobbed, and fell into a fit again, stronger and more dangerous than either. With difficulty she was snatched from the arms of death; but on her recovery, she changed her mind, and asked for the refreshments that she had refused, and addressed herself to the captain's lady, who was perplexed to account for so wonderful an alteration: "Wonder not, good lady, at the change of my mind; it is not my own work, but that of Heaven: I now look with horror on the resolution I formed, and am convinced that if I had kept it, I should have been guilty of suicide. The thought revolts me, and I hope that Heaven, which has inspired me with this change of sentiment, will likewise protect me amidst the dangers I am to encounter. My father's sufferings are greater than mine, and I will live in hopes to wipe the tear of despair from his eyes. With these hopes I lay aside a project, teeming with such fatal effects as would have shortened his days, and exposed me to the wrath of Heaven." The captain's wife listened with attention, and when she was silent, commended her spirit, and spoke in the most ostentatious terms of the regard she had shown for her father, and the veneration she had paid to the dictates of her religion.

In the meanwhile Don Pedro and the captain were concerting measures to procure the former an interview with Selima, to apologize for his fault, and to persuade her that his intentions were honourable. After some debate, it was agreed between them not to be too precipitate, but to give time for her grief and resentment to subside before they made the least attempt.

Leaving these parties in this situation, it is time to return to Don Cleofas, who, though left in so dangerous a situation, escaped with his life. Providentially

an alguazil coming that way, and seeing him covered with blood, demanded the cause of it? and being informed, ordered him to be removed to his own palace. The report of what had happened soon reached the ears of Don Juan, who ran to the house of Don Pedro for the confirmation of so shocking a rumour. On his entering Don Cleofas's house, he was too soon informed, that what he had heard was well-founded. He flew immediately to the bed-chamber of Don Cleofas, whom he found covered all over with the wounds he had received. An eminent surgeon was immediately sent for, who dressed him, shaking his head all the while he was securing the bandage, and by his dumb eloquence pronouncing that his patient was in a dangerous condition. Don Juan remained at the bed-side night and day, administering the medicines which were prescribed by his surgeon. The next day a consultation of physicians was held upon his case, and it was agreed unanimously that though his wounds were dangerous, it was possible that they might not be mortal. Juan still continued his attentions to the patient, who thanked him with many a glance of gratitude for that filial regard which he shewed towards him. The fatigue which Don Juan sustained at last visibly impaired his health; and the physicians perceiving from his looks that he was drooping, warned him to take care of himself betimes, and to remit of his assiduities, at the same time insisting upon his going to bed, which he had not done for several nights preceding. Don Cleofas, who was now improving, joined in their solicitations, and insisted on his compliance, as a mark of the attachment which he had for his daughter. Don Juan complied with the greatest reluctance, on promise that he should be suffered to have a small bed in the same apartment with him, that if he declined the care of him, he might see whether those who were substituted in his room discharged their duty. This condition was granted, and the physicians soon taking their leave of Don Cleofas, assuring him he was no longer in danger, and the surgeon following them, in a few days he left his bed, waiting only the recovery of his strength to quit his chamber. Don Juan, who still continued at Don Cleofas's house, had frequent conversations with him about the disappearance of his daughter; and though they had not one ray of hope to guide them, they determined to lose no means of discovering where she had been conveyed to. On inquiring abroad, they found that the ship in which she was embarked was bound for Carthage, and that Don Pedro was on board with her. This discovery filled her father and Don Juan with inexpressible horror; and they looked at each other for some time without speaking. At last Juan broke silence, by assuring the distressed parent that he was determined to pursue Pedro, and rescue Selima at the risk of his life. Don Cleofas was distracted at his proposal by two contrary passions; his love for his child, and his fears lest the attempt should prove fatal to Juan, and thereby enhance his grief by a double loss. At last the tenderness of the parent predominated over the attachment of friendship! he consented, and all the arrangements were made for Don Juan's em-

barking in pursuit of his treacherous friend.

During this interval Don Pedro had found means to be introduced to Selima without either her consent or knowledge. The treatment he received from Selima was such as he deserved, full of the most bitter reproaches, and the utmost reprobation of the insult he had given her by his presence. He heard her with the greatest composure, and assured her every step he had taken proceeded from his attachment, and that his views were entirely honourable. On hearing him mention his honour, she gave him such a look of disdain, as pierced him to the heart. Taking his leave, he promised her another visit soon, when he hoped to find her less implacable. The only reply she made was by shedding a torrent of tears. She was attended by the captain's maid, who, being present at the interview, and previously bribed by Don Pedro, endeavoured to soothe her grief, and persuade her that there was no doubt but his views were, as he said, entirely honourable. Selima, looking on this interference as an insult, bid her be gone out of the cabin, and gave herself up to grief. She now saw the danger of her situation, and had recourse to heaven for protection.

A few days after Pedro was as good as his word; and finding her still refractory, told her he would marry her, whether she would or no, as soon as he arrived at Carthage; and that if she still continued averse, would give the alternative either of marrying him, or endangering the life of Don Juan, who should never have her while he was living.

While things were in this train, an Algerine corsair poured down upon their vessel, captured it, and made for the port where she had sailed from. On his arrival he gave Selima as a present to the bashaw, who was so smitten with her charms, that he resolved to present her to the dey. The dey on receiving her, was not less astonished at her beauty, and looked upon her as the ornament of his seraglio. Resolved to gain her affections by his confidence, he gave her leave to range his gardens.

Don Pedro, by contracting an intimacy with a renegade, whom he had known in Spain, was introduced to the gardener of the dey, who was brought over to promise to leave the garden door open at a certain time agreed on, that he might run away with the intended sukana. In the interval, the renegade procured a boat, and the door opening towards the waterside, he made sure of sailors fit for his purpose. At the appointed moment Pedro came with his people, found the door ajar, ran and seized Selima, and conveyed her into the boat. Descrying a vessel at a distance under sail, they made up towards it, and by great promises induced the master to convey them to any part of the Spanish coast.

Don Juan had arrived at Algiers but a day before this event, to endeavour to ransom the daughter of Cleofas. The loss of Selima was soon discovered, and the gardener was ordered to the punishment of the bow-string for his treachery. This news reaching Don Juan, he set out after her in the vessel he came in; and seeing a sail at a distance, bore down upon it, boarded it, and meeting with Don Pedro, after upbraiding him for his



villany, plunged his sword into his bosom.

After this just catastrophe, due to the most abandoned perfidy, he made for the nearest port of Valladolid; and restoring his beloved Selima, he received her from the hands of her father, repaying her, by his attentions, for all the sufferings she had endured on his account.

#### OMRAH RESTORED.

Omrah was the son of a caliph: his mother was suspected of infidelity to the rites of marriage. Though educated in all the learning of the east; though reckoned the most accomplished youth of his age, his father's jealousy wronged, hurt, and almost annihilated him. When he arrived at the age of nineteen, his father Abdallah was told by his vizir that he was certain his son would dethrone him. The yearnings of a parent counterpoised the advice of the vizir; and Omrah still kept the predilection of his parent. Still Abdallah was hurt by the solicitude of his vizir, who assured him he made intimations that he was resolved to dethrone him. "Dethrone me!" said Abdallah, "the light of his life!" it cannot be: dethrone me! it cannot, cannot be." "It may be," replied the vizir; "he solicits the smiles of Abuzeda. Thou knowest that she is a descendant from the race of Abulfeda, of an opposite line to thine—but I need add no more." "Thou hast said enough; he shall go forward to my good friend Adullam." Adullam had imbibed the principles of erudition, the seeds of which he had improved, and was reckoned the most venerable and respectable Iman of every mosque in the vicinity. "Allah," rejoined Abdallah, "Allah will conduct, will prevent, will forgive, his prophet has assured us as much in the Koran: he has written it in the leaf of every vegetable; it glitters in the brightness of every star; it diffuses its odours in every breath from the aromatic coasts; it glows in all his works, and appears placid and munificent in the inanimated pebble."

Omrah was acquainted with the suspicions his father had entertained of his mother's infidelity, and dreaded the consequences with respect to himself, but much more with respect to his attachments to Abuzeda. When he was ordered by his father to place himself under the care of Adullam, his presage was realized, and the long vista of his misfortunes was opened to the eyes of his understanding. He knew that his intercourse with Abuzeda must be suspended, and he trembled lest the artifices of the vizir, who was a man of an ambitious and enterprising disposition, might pave the way to his ruin. Though represented as an enemy to his father's repose, he endeavoured, by his obedience, to merit his esteem, and remove the scruples which Abdallah endeavoured to instil into his mind, and to demonstrate that they were without the least foundation. After a tender and affectionate interview with Abuzeda, wherein they mutually interchanged vows of unshaken constancy, he set sail towards Adullam; but in his passage met with a Spanish xebec, which, after an engagement of three glasses, took the vessel on board of which he was embarked. The treatment which he received from these baptised infidels served to convince him of the divinity of the Koran; and his recognising the laws of the prophet cheered his mind amidst the horrors of slavery, and the tortures of cruelty. His eyes streaming a briny deluge, sighed a prayer for his deliverance, for his dear Abuzeda, for the removal of the clouds which obscured the mind of his father, and for the vindication of the character of his mother. While he was engaged in this effusion of piety, a sail appeared at a distance, bearing down upon the Spaniards, which appeared to be an English frigate; that

nation was at that time at war with Spain. The ship on board of which he was a captive, prepared to give the English a warm reception, determined either to sink or to conquer. After a terrible conflict, both ships were so much damaged in their masts, and rigging, that they hauled off to repair, and then returned again to the engagement: by some accident a spark falling into the powder room, the cabin of the Spanish ship blew up, and Omrah, who was at the other end of the vessel, cast himself into the sea to avoid his impending danger. The English seeing him struggle with the waves, put out the boat to save him and the rest of the Spanish crew; for though that nation are in battle like lions, yet in the exercise of the social duties they do honour to humanity.

When the English had breathed from the fatigue of the engagement, the commander inquired into the qualities of the persons he had saved from the wreck, and being informed of the rank and nation of Omrah, paid him every attention that could render his misfortunes supportable. A Levant gale springing up, he landed him on the beach, which was overlooked by the residence of Adullam, whither he conducted Omrah, and received the greatest marks of civility for the generous treatment which Omrah had received from him.

When the English commander had taken his leave, Adullam informed Omrah that he had received advice of all that had passed at the court of his father, concluding that trials serve to render those virtues conspicuous, which would otherwise lie dormant in the gloom of oblivion. He rather reprobated the engagement he had formed with Abuzeda, but remarked, that though time might not erase her image from his heart, it might serve to soften that of his father, and reconcile him to his connexions with her: as for the suspicions he had of his mother's fidelity, he knew that they would vanish like the morning dew, and endear her the more to his affection.

Omrah listened to his discourse with the profoundest silence, and assured him that his dictates should be the star to guide his little bark through the tempestuous ocean of human life, and implicit obedience should render him worthy of his attentions. Omrah continued with Adullam for three years, during which his improvements kept pace with the instructions of his venerable tutor. At the expiration of this space, a messenger arrived from the caliph, who informed them that the vizir had formed a design of dethroning him: and to render his plot successful, he applied to Abuzeda, offering his assistance to restore her to the dignity of her ancestors, providing she would give her hand to his son in marriage. Abuzeda thinking this a proper crisis to accelerate her union with Omrah, and remove the objections which Abdallah had to the alliance, pretended to accede to the proposals of the vizir, desiring only till the next day to give a more ample consent, and to concert such measures as might render their project successful. The vizir returned home highly pleased with the reception he had met with from Abuzeda, and held a long conference with his son on his approaching greatness, and in planning such measures as must crown his endeavours with success.

In the meanwhile Abuzeda went to the palace, and applied to the chief eunuch to introduce her to the caliph, to impart to him an affair of the greatest importance; the caliph alarmed at a message of this nature from a person whom he looked upon as his natural enemy, ordered her to be admitted into a private room; and desiring her to seat herself on the sofa near him, requesting her to inform him of the cause of her address. On this she communicated to him the application that had been made to her by the vizir. The

news astonished the caliph, as he had always esteemed him a person of the most untainted honour, and the most unshaken fidelity: he desired Abuzeda to fulfil her promise of meeting him the next day, and promised to attend in person in some contiguous apartment to be a witness to his treachery.

The next day the several parties met according to their assignation:—the caliph in the contiguous apartment, and the vizir and Abuzeda by themselves. When they were seated Abuzeda said, "that as the attempt was great, she should be glad to know what plan the vizir had formed to make it successful." Without the least hesitation he replied, "his project was to corrupt the eunuchs, and assassinate the caliph when asleep." Abdallah shuddered on hearing such a horrible design, and no longer able to contain himself, rushed into the room with a drawn sabre, seized the vizir, and committed him to the custody of the eunuch, who attended him, telling him, "that the next day he should pay for his treachery by a public death."

The interval between his condemnation and execution, the vizir spent in the deepest penitence, and informed the caliph, "that he acknowledged the justice of his sentence, as the whole time of his ministry abounded in fraud and perfidy; that he suggested, falsely suggested, reports of the inconstancy of his wife, and the treason of his son; for which he begged pardon of him and the prophet, and should, after this confession, meet his fate with composure."

When Omrah and Adullam had heard this alarming narrative, the former was eager to obey the invitation which his father had sent him to return; but expressing some uneasiness at parting with the venerable Iman, Adullam agreed to accompany him. They embarked on board the same vessel together, and had for some time a pleasant voyage, during which they amused themselves in discoursing on the vicissitudes of human affairs, the anxiety of greatness, and the uncertainty of human happiness. As they drew near to their intended shore, a prodigious storm arose, which dismasted the ship, and notwithstanding the utmost care of the mariners, drove it on a rock and sunk it. Omrah and Adullam got on shore on part of a mast, and had not walked many paces before they descried Abuzeda and the caliph walking together. Enraptured with the sight, they sprang forwards, prostrated themselves to the ground, and were graciously raised by the caliph, who conducted them to his palace, ordered them dry clothes and refreshments, and after some respite rejoined them. When they were seated, the caliph informed Omrah, "that he was not ignorant of his attachment for Abuzeda, and as she was the preserver of his own life, he could not think her unworthy of being his daughter." In a few days the marriage was celebrated with the greatest splendour, and the caliph resigned his throne to his son, who took for his motto the following sentence from the writings of Abulfeda: "After a shower the sun appears brighter."

#### ELEANOR THE HEROINE.

One day, turning hastily round the corner of a street, I was struck by the figure of a man, who sought relief from his distress in the charity of his fellow-creatures; but his vain countenance and extended arm alone pleaded for him with mute eloquence. I thought I knew the features, but vainly endeavoured to recollect where; and giving him a few halfpence, passed on. This idea still haunted me, and I returned in the afternoon, resolving to inquire who he was; but he was not there. The next day, however, I was more successful. He thanked me for my assistance the day before; his name, he told me, was S—.

It struck me in a moment; it was the son of my old cottagers. I took him home to my lodgings, and, telling him what I knew respecting his family, desired to hear from him the remainder of his history. "It is a narrative of little but misfortunes," he answered; "but if the relation will, in any way, please you, Sir, I owe it to your kindness not to refuse."

"The night when I was pressed, I was as one stupified; the next day, however, I became composed. I prevailed on a friend, who had obtained leave to see me, to carry a message to a young woman, whom I was attached to, and to desire her, if possible, to visit me before my departure. He did so, and to the last moment I cherished the hope of seeing her; but it was in vain; she did not come, and our vessel set sail. The neglect from one I had so tenderly loved was more cutting than all the rest. I believed her unfaithful; I deemed myself cast off by all mankind, and left unfriended and alone, to traverse over boundless seas. My dejection of spirits, together with the new life I led, destroyed my health, and I lay for weeks a prey to a raging fever, during which I was nursed, with the greatest care and attention, by a young man, with whom I had contracted a friendship, on board the ship in which I was. He seemed ill suited to the life he had chosen, for he was extremely delicate; but he had something in his countenance which reminded me of Eleanor, and this, perhaps, attracted me to him; for I still loved her, notwithstanding her neglect. Under his care, I at length recovered, and was allowed to venture upon the deck, to inhale the refreshing breeze."

"Here I gazed, with a strange and awful feeling of astonishment, on the immense plain of waters, from which I was separated only by a few boards, and listened, with pleasure, to the rustling of the waves by the side of the vessel, as she cut through the deep. How great, I thought, must be the ingenuity of that being who can pass in safety over this mighty expanse! But I was shortly to see that ingenuity exerted for purposes, and in a manner, from which the soul revolts."

"One night, when the crew had retired to their hammocks, I had been talking to my friend; I had dropped a few words of anger against my neglectful Eleanor. He sighed deeply; and once, I thought, he was weeping; but I attributed it to his compassion. On a sudden, we were alarmed by a loud call from the mast-head, and a bustling confusion on the deck. I sprang up, for I was then almost recovered from my illness, and went to inquire into the cause of the tumult. One of the sailors pointed out to me a dusky object, which floated on the waves, at a considerable distance, and told me that it was an Algerine vessel, which was bearing down upon us. The uproar had, by this time, subsided, and every one was called to his post. My sensations, at this instant, were almost indescribable. In a few moments, I should be called upon to face death, and, perhaps, to deprive others of existence. This interval, as it were, between life and death, was filled with an awful feeling; it was not fear, nor hope, but a confused mixture of both, which was augmented and sustained by the silence which prevailed; for the first shot dissipated all feelings but those of energy and activity. The hostile vessel now approached, hove to, and summoned us to surrender. A broadside was the reply; and, in a moment, all was smoke, fire, and destruction. The enemy was much superior to us in strength, and, at length, they boarded us. We fought hand to hand. It would be in vain to describe the horrors of the scene: they can only be imagined by those who have witnessed them. Their captain happened to come near me; I aimed a blow at him,



with all my force, which he parried, and my sword broke short in my hand. The barbarian lifted his sword to strike me; when my friend, whom I had not seen during the action, sprang between us, and received the stroke which was aimed for me. I caught him as he fell: but that dying shriek—the last expiring glance—that soft pressure—told me all; it was Eleanor! Noble, generous, self-devoted being, who, while I was upbraiding her with neglect, had braved all the dangers of a sea life to follow me, to nurse me, to watch me, and last, worst, and bitterest—to die for me!

"I have little else to relate. We were taken, and afterwards retaken by an American, by whom we were well treated, and carried to New-York, where we had some clothes and other necessities given us. Some of my companions remained there, but I wished to return to my native country. I worked some time as a joiner, a trade to which I had once been accustomed in England; and, at length, gained sufficient to pay my passage to England. I was landed here without money or friends. My fatigue had also injured my health, which I had not perfectly recovered, so that I was unable to gain any thing by labour. I had, therefore, subsisted on charity; in soliciting which, I was so fortunate as to meet with you, sir, who have so kindly relieved me."

Here his narrative concluded, and I will hasten to the conclusion of mine. I conveyed him home, restored him to his parents, and was amply rewarded with their boundless gratitude. He is now in an eligible situation, which does not require any great bodily exertion; he is comfortable; and, could he forget the unhappy fate of his Eleanor, he might be happy.

### THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,  
Who lose and who win; who's in and who's out,  
And take upon us the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE

**Suspense.**—The following interesting story is taken from "Walks in Switzerland," recently published. Gasper Stoeri and two of his friends were one day chasing chamois on Mount Limmurin. While they were traversing the snows with that confidence which the idea of perfect safety inspires, Stoeri sunk into a deep abyss of dissolving ice. His friends were horror struck; they conceived that instant death awaited him, or that he would survive only to contemplate its slow, but inevitable approach, pierced as he was by cold—bruised—bleeding—motionless. Despairing of success, they yet reflected on the means by which they might effect his deliverance. They could not leave him to perish; their struggles to save him would, for a few moments, assuage their agony. They fled to the nearest cottage, which was three miles distant, to procure ropes; none were to be found: a wretched counterpane was the only thing which could prove useful to them; they cut it into strips, and hurried from the cottage.

Poor Gasper was almost perishing when they returned to the brink of the chasm; he lay wedged in the bottom of this rugged, deep, and narrow cleft; nearly one-half of his body was plunged in ice-water, and such was the depth of it, that he could not see its bed; with his arms extended on the broken and melting ice, he awaited approaching death. You may picture his situation; but the horrors of his mind must have been for ever confined to his own heart.

He was almost yielding to the excess of his sufferings, and was commending his soul to the Divinity, when the voices of his companions fell upon his ears; and, as they spoke, they lowered the bandages

which they had fastened together. Although dying a few moments before, the hopes, the near prospect of deliverance, gave him energy and courage, and he was enabled to fasten the bandage round his body. His friends drew him gently from the chasm; he was approaching the verge of the precipice, he had almost embraced his deliverers, when the bandage broke, and he again sunk.

If deliverance was almost hopeless before, what was now poor Stoeri's situation? One half of the bandage had fallen with him, his blood was freezing, the second shock had almost rendered him insensible; and, to consummate the terrors of his situation, and for the extinction of the last faint spark of hope, one of his arms was broken by the fall. What less than a miracle could save him? With sinking hearts his friends renewed their endeavours to preserve him; the bandage in their hands was again cut, and lowered into the chasm. Can you conceive the pain and distress with which poor Gasper made one last and desperate exertion to save himself, when I inform you, that with one arm he supported himself from sinking, and that with the other, broken as it was, he twisted the bandage round his body, and fastened it! He was thus drawn to the summit of the precipice a second time, and life was ebbing fast from him as he fainted in the arms of his companions. Gasper's friends conveyed him to his cottage; but it was very long before his health and cheerfulness were restored to him.

**The Odd Family.**—In the reign of William the Third of England there lived in Ipswich, in Suffolk, a family, which, from the number of peculiarities belonging to it, was distinguished by the name of the Odd Family. Every event remarkably good or bad happened to this family on an odd day of the month, and every one of them had something odd in his or her person, manner, and behaviour: the very letters in their christian names always happened to be an odd number. The husband's name was Peter, and the wife's Rahab; they had seven children, all boys, viz. Solomon, Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, David, and Ezekiel. The husband had but one leg, his wife but one arm. Solomon was born blind of the left eye; and Roger lost his right eye by accident; James had his left ear pulled off by a boy in a quarrel, and Matthew was born with only three fingers on his right hand; Jonas had a stump foot, and David was hump-backed; all these, except David, were remarkably short, while Ezekiel was six feet two inches high, at the age of nineteen; the stump-footed Jonas and the hump-backed David got wives of fortune, but no girl would listen to the addresses of the rest. The husband's hair was as black as jet, and the wife's remarkably white, yet every one of the children's were red. The husband had the peculiar misfortune of falling into a deep sawpit, where he was starved to death, in the year 1701, and his wife, refusing all kind of sustenance, died in five days after him. In the year 1703, Ezekiel enlisted as a grenadier, and although he was afterwards wounded in twenty-three places, he recovered.—Roger, James, Matthew, Jonas, and David, died at different places, on the same day, in 1713, and Solomon and Ezekiel were drowned together in crossing the Thames, in the year 1723.

**Professor Porson.**—This celebrated scholar frequently wrote letters to the Morning Chronicle, under the assumed name of S. England, and answered them the next day, without signature, or a different one. About 1796 the wits of the day amused themselves by composing short compositions in Greek lambics, and putting them off as newly discovered fragments of Euripides. Porson made a most successful hit against them by turn-

ing a well-known school-boy's tale into Greek, passing it off as a fragment of some newly discovered plays of Sophocles; unlike the others whose defects proved their humbler origin, Porson's *Jeu d'esprit*, by the purity of its language and metre, and singular tact of its style, deceived many and delighted all the genuine Hellenists of the day. The following is the original as afterwards published by Porson, when he explained the hoax to the infinite mortification of those, who really believed his Greek to have been written by the ancient dramatist.

Three childrenne slydinge onne the ice,  
Uponne a summer's daye,  
It so felle out, they alle felle inne;  
The reste they ranne awaye.  
Now hadde these childrenne been at home,  
Or slydinge onne dry grounde,  
Ten thousande pounde to one pennie  
They hadde not alle beene drownde.  
You parents that have childrenne deare,  
And eke you that have none,  
Iffe you would have them safe abroade,  
Pray keep them alle at home.

**Loyalty.**—Fort William (Inverness-shire) stands at the eastern extremity of Linhe Lock, where it turns southward to form Lochiel. The history of the origin of this fort deserves to be remembered. During the usurpation of Cromwell, many of the Highland chiefs continued attached to the royal cause.—These, however, one after another, made their peace with General Monck, excepting Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, whom no entreaties could induce to abandon the cause of the King. Monck held out proposals so flattering, that he was importuned by many of his friends to accept of them, but he scorned to submit. Monck, finding all his attempts ineffectual, resolved to plant his garrison, in order to keep the chief and his dependants in awe. Sir Ewan being informed of this design, determined to attack the enemy on their march from Inverness, as he imagined they would come from thence to erect this fort; but they arrived suddenly by sea, and disconcerted all his measures. They brought with them such plenty of materials, and were in the vicinity of so much wood, that within one day after their landing the fort was erected, and the troops secured from danger. Lochiel saw all their motions from a neighbouring eminence; and finding it impracticable to attack them with any probability of success, retired to a wood on the north side of Lochiel, called Achadallan, from whence he had a good view of his enemy at Inverlochy. He dismissed his followers to remove their cattle farther from the enemy, and to furnish themselves with provisions, except thirty-eight chosen men whom he kept as a guard. He had spies about the garrison, who informed him of all their transactions. Five days after their arrival at Inverlochy, the governor despatched 300 of his men in two vessels, which were to sail northward, and anchor on each side of the shore of Achadallan. Lochiel being informed that their design was to cut down his wood and carry away his cattle, was determined to make them pay dear for every tree and bullock's hide. Favoured by the woods, he came pretty close to the shore, where he saw their motions so distinctly, that he counted them as they came out of the ship, and found that the armed men exceeded 140, besides a number of workmen, with axes and other instruments. He returned to his friends, and called a council of war. The younger part of them were eager for an attack, but the elder and more experienced remonstrated against it, as a rash and hazardous enterprise. Lochiel then asked two of them, who had served him in several sharp actions, if ever they saw him engage on terms so disadvantageous? They declared they never had. Animated by the ardour of youth, for he was then very young, he insisted, in a short but spirited speech, that if they had any regard for their king, their chief, or their own honour, they would attack the

English "for (says he) if every one kills his man, which I hope you will, I will answer for the rest." Upon this they cheerfully consented; but requested that he and his younger brother Allan would stand at a distance from the danger. Lochiel could not bear with any patience this proposal with regard to himself, but commanded his brother, who was equally anxious to share the danger, to be bound to a tree, leaving a little boy to attend him; but he soon prevailed on the boy, by threats and entreaties, to disengage him, and ran to the conflict. The Camerons, armed partly with muskets and partly with bows, kept their pieces and arrows till their very muzzles and points touched the breasts of their enemies. The very first fire killed about thirty. They immediately took their broadswords, and laid about them with incredible fury. The English defended themselves with their muskets and bayonets with great bravery, but to little purpose. The combat was long and obstinate. At last the English gave way, and retreated towards the ship, with their faces towards the enemy, fighting with great resolution. Lochiel, to prevent their flight, ordered two or three of his men to run before, and from behind a bush to make a noise, as if there was another party of Highlanders stationed to intercept their retreat. This took so effectually, that they stooped, and animated by rage, madness, and despair, renewed the fight with greater fury than ever. They were at last, however, forced to give way and betake themselves to their heels. The Camerons pursued them chin-deep into the sea. Of the English 138 were found dead, while Lochiel lost only five men. Lochiel himself had several wonderful escapes. In the retreat of the English, one of the strongest and bravest of the officers, retired behind a bush, where he observed Lochiel pursuing alone, and darting upon him, thought himself secure of his prey. They met with equal fury—the combat was long doubtful. The English officer had by far the advantage in strength and size, but Lochiel exceeded him in nimbleness and activity, and forced the sword out of his hand, upon which his antagonist flew upon him like a tiger; they closed and wrestled, till both fell to the ground in each other's arms. The English officer got above Lochiel, and pressed him hard; but stretching forth his neck, and attempting to disengage himself, Lochiel, who by this time had his hands at liberty, with his left hand seized him by the collar, and jumping at his extended throat, bit it quite through, bringing away his mouthful, which he afterwards said was the sweetest bit he ever had in his life. Immediately after this encounter, when continuing the pursuit, he found his men chin-deep in the sea. He quickly followed them, and observing a man on the deck of the ship aiming his piece at him, plunged into the sea, and escaped so narrowly, that the hair on the back part of his head was cut, and a little of the skin taken off. Soon afterwards a similar attempt was made to shoot him, when his foster-brother threw himself before him, and received the shot in his breast, preferring the life of his chief to his own. In this way did the bold and resolute chief harass the new garrison, making them often pay dear for their depredations; till, at last, finding his country impoverished, and his people almost ruined, he listened to the repeated solicitations that were made to him, and submitted on terms of his own dictating.

Among the addresses presented to James I. on his accession to the throne, was one from the town of Shrewsbury, in which the loyal inhabitants expressed a wish, that his majesty might reign as long as the sun, moon and stars endured.—"Faith mon," said the king, "if I do reign so long, my son must govern by candle light!"



## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd. Cowper.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF ROME.

From the Journal of a Traveller.

THE TARPEIAN ROCK.—We were one day returning from visiting the galleries of the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*, and were issuing from its portico, when a dirty stable-boy, with a sieve of oats in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other, asked us, as he passed, if we wanted to see the Tarpeian Rock, (or, as he familiarly called it, "Nostra Rupe Tarpeja," which is said to lie behind the palace of the Conservators, commanding the *Piazza della Consolazione*. Although I had no greater desire to see this Tyburn, or *Place de Greve* of antiquity, than any other place of execution, yet there was something in a stable-boy Cicerone leading the way to this great shrine of classic homage, which was irresistible: and we accepted his invitation. As he led us through a dirty yard over piles of rubbish and heaps of manure, I could scarce help exclaiming with the *Manlius* of an Irish tragedy, when at the brink of this precipice, "Oh! Jasus, where am I going to?" We leaned over a broken wall, and our *virtuoso* of the stables pointing to a projecting clump of rock, exclaimed, "Ecco nostra Rupe Tarpeja!" He then held out his hand for a paolo, and whistled us out of the sanctuary, to the tune of "Fra tanti palpiti."

It were vain, under such unfavourable circumstances, to conjure up one classical association, to affect one of those thrills which vibrate in the hearts of all true *Coriunans*, when the very sound of the Tarpeian Rock meets their ear; but even had it been seen under the consecrated authority of those arch-mystagogues of all classic lore, *Signori Fea* and *Nebbi*, to the heart of an unlearned woman it could bring no throb of pleasure; nor could its view increase the sum of interest or respect which the Capitoline heroes still awaken in the minds of the most erudite. One of the most prominent landmarks of human civilization, is the mode of punishment ordained by judicial laws. Public executions should not be the acts of vengeance—they are to be considered at best but as fatal necessities, intended more to admonish the survivors, than to torture the criminal. In general they are the remains of great barbarism not yet reformed; and they are found, even in that country where they are most frequent (England), to be sources of crime, rather than its retribution and preventive. The heart of him who returns from witnessing an execution is rarely the better for the spectacle.

THE COLISEUM.—There is in this wide sweep of splendid ruins, one monument, great above all, and beautiful as great, which it would be gracious to ascribe to other causes than human turpitude and human error. Even now as it moulders, it seems some visionary fabric raised by the magic of sweet sounds, by the vibrations of some *Amphion's* lyre; and falling as it rose, in harmony. It is so beautiful in ruin, that taste and feeling can send back no regrets for its former state of perfectness. This is the Coliseum—the last and noblest monument of Roman grandeur, and Roman crime—erected by the sweat and labour of millions of captives, for the purpose of giving the last touch of degradation to a people, whose flagging spirit, policy, sought to replace by brutal ferocity. The first day's games given in this sumptuous butchery cost the nation eleven millions of gold. The blood of five thousand animals bathed its arena. Man and his natural enemy the beast of the desert, the conqueror and the conquered, writhed in agony together on its ensanguined floor; and eighty-seven thousand spectators raised their

horrid plaudits, while captive warriors were slain

"To make a Roman holiday."

Here was waged the double war against human life and human sensibility; and men were brutified while men were butchered. All the recollections of this unrivalled edifice are terrible; and its beauty and its purport recall some richly wrought urn of precious ore, destined to enshrine the putrid remnants of mortality. We saw the Coliseum in various seasons of the day and night. We first saw it bathed in the mellow flush of sunset, when the whole forum and all its ruins seemed as if they were etched on bronze. Then it looked most beautiful, as if, when time had wrecked, some Claude had painted it—every hue of mouldering matter or living vegetation came out in tones of richest depth and colouring; the gray lichens, the dark stain of vapoury exhalations, the deep brown burnt by the suns of ages, tinged every arch and frieze, and the luxuriant tresses of new-sprung foliage, flaunting and draping the whole variegated mass!—Meantime, as we stood like atoms in its mighty centre, a group of pilgrims were performing their *viacrucis* at its altars, and the hermit of the Coliseum stood before his chapel, watching the lowering of our strained and dazzled eyes, and soliciting our attention to his claims by the rattling of his alms-box!—We have seen it in the deep shadows of moonless nights, when not

"A star twinkled through the loops of time."

and when its black colossal mass was dimly marked upon the vague of space. All then was dreary, and still, and formless; or if a sound was heard, it added to the awfulness of the moment. Once, as we stood, a bird of prey, flitting from its topmost arch, brushed down the huge loose stones, which had stood the brunt of ages; the echoes of the fall from gallery to gallery, startled the slumbers of the galley-slave who slept beneath. He rattled his chains, and roused the sentinel at his post, who thought of murdered martyrs, shouldered his arms, drew the sign of the cross, and muttered a protecting ave. We have seen it also, when

"The rising moon began to climb its topmost arch," and its silvered floor was chequered by such dancing sprites, as *Cellini's* necromancer could not conjure to its circle,—by English dandies, and by groups whose gladiatorial efforts went no further than a "pirouette," or "chaine des dames."—Here, long after the midnight hour, we have seen the twinkling of beauty's fairy-foot treading its maze where martyrs bled, and heroes fell; and beheld the vestals of antiquity succeeded by the high-priestesses of modern fashion, who, though pure and fair as their predecessors, had probably no ambition to become ancient vestals.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To all her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BACCHUS

## THE FORCE OF LOVE.

A Dramatic Sketch.

## PART II.

SCENE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

## The Hermit.

The storm increases, and the winds loud blow,  
And nature sickens at the lowering sky.  
I'll seek my hut: the little scrip I've got,  
With slighted love, will be repast enough—  
I hope no traveller's in the wood to-night,  
It is dark as chaos.—Now I behold  
Lightning flashing 'mid the trees awfully,  
So fearfully bright, that I see the birds, [a deaf  
With head beneath their wings, perched under  
In terror: now how the loud thunder rolls!  
It seems as if the elements were loose  
This night, and warring against each other.  
The moon and little stars have all withdrawn,  
Shrouded in an eternity of sky.  
See, see, another flash now seems to ope  
The gates of incomprehensibility,  
And makes me think the host of heaven all sit  
Motionless spectators of the dreadful scene!

To thee, all knowing, but unknown great God.  
I send my praises that I am safe this night  
Mid all the storm, and that at length I've reach'd  
My lonely hut. Spread thy all shielding wing  
O'er all my race, and keep them safe as I.  
Let her, who drove me to this drear retreat,  
Be thy peculiar, never-ending care.

## SCENE—The hermit's hut.

Hermit and Helen.

Hel. From thy holy orders' philanthropy,  
I conclude I'm no intruder.

Her. Thy conclusion is just.

Hel. I might have found  
A friendly roof in the village, but I  
(My mind partaking of the mood of thine,)  
Preferred to seek thy solitary hut,  
And trust to thee for succour.

Her. God can help,

And ever guides the righteous: thou'rt welcome.

Hel. I've sought thy cell, sire, to crave thy council.

Her. It will be most freely given to thee.

But rest a while, I pray ye, sit ye down;  
Fatigue rests with thee, and on thy pale lip  
Methinks hunger sits: look, my board is spread,  
And my food, though humble, is inviting.

Sit ye down; I beg ye will partake,  
Then thou'lt be fitter to recite thy tale.

Hel. Heaven in thee has sent a comforter,  
For 'e'en already my heart is lighter.

Her. Prais'd be the ruler of the rich and needy:  
Taste these melons, both water and the musk:

The sweet potato, the peanut, and the fig;  
The beech-plum, and the cedar berry too,  
(The which, beside, supplies me light and wine—  
Such wine as never stole our wits away)

Are on my table: taste ye freely, sir:—  
Not far from hence the nectarine and the quince,  
Hang luxuriantly upon their trees:

The maple juice I also can procure,  
And numerous fruits, to tempt the sick palate.

He sighs unconscious: deep may be the grief  
Imprinted on his heart: again, again!  
His breast wars worse than the wild elements  
without.

Hel. I cannot eat; my heart so fills my frame,  
It stands sentinel o'er my appetite.

O! there's a something brought me here, that preys  
Upon my vitals: it must have utterance.

Yes, to the care o'erladen heart, to tell  
Its tale to those of truth and piety,  
Relieves its burthen much.

Her. Then let me know  
Thy utmost suffering: I can feel thy woes,  
From the sorrows I have felt. O blights, blights!  
Fell upon my fancy path:—in one hour,  
In one little hour, all my fairy dreams  
Of youth vanish'd: even as an echo  
They pass'd to nothingness! pray ye, go on.

Hel. Rich were my parents in connubial love,  
And I their first-born. Wealth smil'd on my sire  
As I grew up, and other children too.  
We had all that is in the power of man  
To make us happy: and happy were we:  
But mortals cannot of themselves alone,  
Keep happiness ever with them: in this world  
Joy and we are near allied; the spider  
Could not weave a thread so slender, as pass  
Between them. When I reach'd my fifteenth year,  
Fancy began its flight, and then I learn'd  
That there was such a thing as love: 'twas then  
An uncle of mine, a planter of wealth  
Died, and I, alone, was left his heiress.

Her. His heiress?

Hel. Yes.

Her. What do I hear?

Hel. Mark me,

I am a maiden!

Her. Heavens! God the just!

Hel. As I advanced to the bloom of woman—  
My path was throng'd with youths, who came  
prompted

By my wealth, for never-ceasing gossip  
Had told the tale, and each recital seem'd,  
With the many, to increase my fortune.

'Twas now beauties were imputed to me  
Which ne'er had been found out before, and I  
With pleasure listen'd to the honied words,  
And fondly would have trusted all as true,  
But my mother, fearful of her daughter's peace  
Cautioned my unskill'd heart.

Her. My pulse beats quick.

Go on: pray ye, go on.

Hel. Of those who came,  
One, I will not, I cannot describe him.  
Kinder, yet more backward than the others,  
Gave far more pleasure to my buoyant heart  
Than all beside, and imperceptibly,  
E'en ere myself knew, he was possessor  
Of it.

Her. Maiden, and was he the author  
Of thy mis'ry? O! ever, ever thus  
I've found mankind!

To spurn the lily which for them look'd fair,  
Or soil the leaf of its unsullied snowness.

Hel. Judge not so harshly of the one I speak.

Her. Was he unfaithful when he gain'd thy heart?

Hel. No: he knew not he was emperor of it,  
But thought me cold as scorn: for often I  
Laugh'd at his pain, and joy'd to see him pine.  
Then 'twas said his heart fail'd him, and he went,  
But wither no one knows. O I love him,  
And with his happiness are my life-strings knit.

Her. Heavens! my heart, my heart, my heart!

Hel. Why startle?

I've vow'd that I will find him, for which,  
I've left my father, mother, brothers—all!

Yes, I will search throughout this world; I am  
Lonely and weak, and comfortless, but still  
I must find him. Now I beg thy council.

Her. O God! my heart, my heart support me:  
Throw back that mantle, which so shades thy  
brow,

That I may see the index to the heart  
That's so o'ercome with woe. O God of gods!  
'Tis she, 'tis she herself; it is my love. [earth.  
What's seal'd in heaven, must be perform'd on  
Helen, my Helen, love, dear, O tell me!  
Are you safe, sound, happy, or weary?  
Say, are you—O!

Hel. Is this reality?

Alex. I'd speak; I'd ask more than a thousand  
Questions, for I've much to know.

Hel. Alexander, have we met, have we met!

Alex. Yes, love; I could tell thee countless stories,  
But the o'erflowings of my heart have drown'd  
My speech and senses.

Hel. I thank thee, heaven,

That we have met at last, Alexander. [mine

Alex. But shall I henceforth, Helen, call thee  
For ever? Ever. O my heart will burst,  
With the extatic thought. Helen, ever!

O in that space of time what shall we do?  
Or how will we gild the halcyon hours,  
That they may loiter with us. My Helen,  
I'd pen a proclamation; offer wealth,  
Honour to the chemist who'll discover  
How to preserve smiles, and sun-shine from  
shine eyes;

And then, love, I will build me a palace  
Of the sweet-smelling sandal wood, for us  
To live on love in't. I will have it deck'd  
With emeralds, amethysts, diamonds,  
Aye, and more than a thousand other gems,  
Which the hurry of my heart will not take time  
To name. I'll hire the best of divers,  
To plunge into the deepest seas, where 'tis said,  
Repose the matchless pearls: O my love!  
We'll have them so large that in our palace  
They will make pedestals:

On them I will range thy smiles and glances,  
(More chaste than virtue, on an iceberg's top.)  
When seated, we will laugh even at the sun!  
While we examine each minor feature  
That these pedestals bear, I'll have thee, dear,  
Dispute my taste, and I, in turn, will rail  
At thine—but all will be in love,—and we  
Must quarrel too, that we may have  
The ecstasy of making up again;

And every time we do agree, our love  
Must wax much stronger than before the breaks:  
And we will play this so often that it  
Will grow warmer than ever Vulcan felt  
In Venus' arms:—then, then, we will mimic  
Paradise, laugh at the gods, and call them  
Icy hearted. Will this please thee, Helen?

Hel. I am a woman, but take 't not so:  
I pray ye smooth your breast till it subside  
To a proper swell;—such waves might overwhelm  
The stoutest bark.

Alex. Yes, I have heard it said  
Men's passions hold such mastery o'er them,  
That they've died, e'en in the very fit.  
But if I should die, my breast must have its will.  
O! better to die in such ecstasies,  
With a glorious bound, than pine away  
In sickness.—But now, I am still, my love. [grief

Hel. O this does grieve me, if 't can be call'd  
In such an hour as this. Be pacified.

Alex. Am I not calm?

Hel. Yes, as the stormy sea.

Alex. O Helen! smile again, and let me see  
The dimple on thy now pale cheek, nay, nay,  
Do not blush (although innocence is sweet  
Mantled with it,) but smile again, my love,  
That dimple were indeed too rich a cup  
For the proudest god to sip his nectar from.  
Now am I calm?

Hel. O desist! be still,  
Or nature will be outdone—nay, for me,  
For my peace be still. I would command ye.

Alex. Then I will be tranquil. You see I'm  
mute. [lights?

Hel. Look through the window? see ye not  
Who can it be?

Alex. Fear not while I am here.

Hel. They are nearer now; I can discern them,  
They are whites.

Alex. They are the poor villagers;  
They are often kind to me, and, doubtless,  
Have come at this unseemly hour to learn  
If all is right with me.

Hel. Hark! I hear a voice,  
And one I know; 'tis familiar to me  
As the day: hark again! Alexander,  
'Tis my father's voice

Alex. 'Tis my father's too. [sire.

Hel. Yes, thou must henceforth also call him  
Alex. O, I will doat upon that name, and thou  
Fair, lovely rose, sweet. O far sweeter  
Than the summer zephyrs as they sigh through  
The fragrant locust groves! thou art mine, mine!  
My Helen, my love, my wife; dear, dear names;  
Yes, thou shalt ever, evermore be mine.

[Enter the father of Helen; she embraces him;  
Alexander calls him father, and all are happy.  
The villagers enter: the lone hermit stands before  
them the husband of the wandering youth; all  
are glad, and the country round echoes—  
Be happy!]

ALPHA

## BIOGRAPHY.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES OF  
MESSRS. BROUGHAM AND CANNING.

Ask any one who lounges and listens in  
the gallery of St. Stephen's, who are the  
prominent men in the two great parties  
which contend for the honour and advantage  
of their country, and the answer  
is sure to be "Brougham and Canning."  
But though these orators resemble each



other in standing foremost and alone, each in his party and species of eloquence, they are, in every other respect, the antipodes of each other; and perhaps no two men could be chosen, who, in their appearance, the structure of their minds, the style and management of their eloquence, or in the expression and manner by which they set it forth, form a more perfect contrast. Canning's appearance is rather soft and prepossessing: Brougham's is hard and stern, if not absolutely repulsive. The air of Canning's head is elegant: that of Brougham's is exactly the reverse; but still, view it on what side you will, it indicates terrible power. Canning's features are handsome; and his eye, though well set, and sheltered under his eyebrows, is lively and sparkling, and his complexion is fine: Brougham's features are harsh in the extreme; his forehead is immense, his chin square, and his nose, mouth, and eyes huddled together in the centre of his face, while his eyes absolutely retire amid folds and corrugations; and, as he sits listening, they seem veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only conceals their appalling glare, but renders the mind of their possessor inscrutable to the keenest observer. Canning's passions sit on his face in ready array, and its hues come and go with every point of his own speech, and every return by his antagonist; Brougham's mantle within; and, while every ear is tingling at what he says, and the immediate object of his invective writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retains a cold brassy hue, and he triumphs over the passions of other men, by appearing to be wholly without passion himself. The one seems as if he were to strive merely for the *eclat* of the sisters: the glory of the other appears to be wholly in the fight. The one seems as if he had always lived among men, entered into their sports and festivities, and fed on their praise: the other looks like a son of the desert, and seems to come among men only to make them tremble at his strength.

Their appearance does not differ more than the structure and furnishing of their minds. Canning is a scholar, an elegant and exquisite scholar, we allow; but still merely a scholar: Brougham, on the other hand, is a philosopher, in the most comprehensive meaning of the term. Canning's illustrations are, accordingly, all classical: while Brougham presses all the elements into his service. The one comes upon his audience displaying all the flowery volumes of literature: the other hurls at them the whole mass of the *Encyclopædia*. Their first starting into notice is a perfect key to their minds. Canning shone in the pages of the *Anti-Jacobin*: Brougham registered his juvenile powers in the transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Canning's political squibs were excellent in their kind; but they were personal in their application, and ephemeral in their value: Brougham's paper on porisms will be read with interest while geometry is a science. Canning goes forth as a lapidary, picking up gems of great value, giving them an exquisite polish, and fitting them for the diadems of kings: Brougham goes forth like a giant, with an iron mace, dashing the rocks in pieces, and preparing a pathway for the people, over the stubborn and untoward parts of the earth. You are delighted with the sparkle of the one: you admire the power of the other; but, at the same time, you tremble at it.

The style of their eloquence, and the structure of their speeches are just as different. Canning selects words, on account of the smoothness of their flow, and the music of their sound: with Brougham, the longer, the more crooked, and the more unmouthable, the better. Canning forms his sentences like a master of language and of sound: Brougham, like a master of ideas and concate-

nation. Those of the one are of a moderate length, and always quadrible by the classical formula: those of the other can be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they rise and swell, on and on, till each is often a whole oration within itself; but still, the hearer can see that it carries the weight of all that went before, and prepares the way for what is to come after. The style of Canning is like a convex mirror, it scatters every ray which falls on it, and sparkles in whatever position it is viewed; the style of Brougham is like a concave mirror, it sheds no general brilliance, but its light is concentrated into one focus, and the heart which that focus cannot soften must be pure clay. Canning marches straight on, in a clear and bold track; every individual paragraph is perfect in itself; and every corruscation of wit and of genius, neither needs nor receives any aid from the others; the antithesis is sure to be pointed; the quotation most happy, or the joke exquisite; you feel it all, and you feel it at once: Brougham, on the other hand, twines round and round in a spiral, sweeping all the contents of a large circumference before him, and pouring them towards the main point of his attack. When he commences, you wonder at the width and obliquity of his course, and you can hardly comprehend how he is to dispose of such a mass of heterogeneous matter as he fishes up in his way; but, as the curve lessens, and the pole is in view, you find out that the whole is to be efficient there.

Delightful, however, as is this group, and long as we could luxuriate in the contemplation of it, we must draw to a close; and so we shall only cast one other "longing, lingering, look," on those great masters, whose forms haunt the eye, and whose words vibrate on the ear, long after the oration has ceased and the orator withdrawn. The fine, frank, candid, and gentleman-like form and expression of Canning, as he stands poising and balancing his glittering and pointed arms, flits before the eye of the mind. He comes to us as a thing of light, and sheds radiance and sunbeams wherever he passes. But the brightness and the beauty are soon gone; and we dwell with a darker tone of feeling on Brougham. He stands dark and sallow; and, as he plays the accusing angel to courtiers and kings, his lip curls and starts with a derision that is matchless, his voice sinks to a whisper, which, however, is more distinctly audible than the roaring of any other man in the house, and his words fall heavy and slow. One cannot avoid thinking of that gloom which according to the great bard of freedom, overshadowed creation when the first sin of man brought death into the world

"Sky lowered and muttered thunder; some sad drops  
Went, at completing of the mortal sin."

And when, in the depth of his awful gleaning, he has drained the gall of an hundred enormities—when he has condensed and concocted it to a poison more deadly than that of the upas, his voice peals the harsh thunder; his form and features dart forth the dark fires of the place of retribution; the storm is on the wing; and

"Iron sheet, in arrowy shower,  
Hurries through the darkened air."

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.  
CAMPERELL.

### The Art of removing Stains from Cloth.

The important art of removing stains of different kinds from cloth, and restoring it to its primitive colour, formerly consisted of an undigested mass of receipts, which were applied by the possessors of them, almost at random. Chaptal, in his *Mémoire sur l'Art de Dégrossir*, considered it as a chemical

point of view, and to him we are indebted for a systematic mode of effecting this desirable object, which is at once simple and easy of attainment.

According to this chemist, the art of removing stains, supposes; 1st. A knowledge of the different substances capable of producing stains; 2d. that of those substances, by means of which stains may be removed; 3d. a knowledge of the action of the body employed on the colouring matter, and its effects on the stuff; and 4th. the art of re-establishing a faded colour.

Grease spots are easily known, but those produced by acids, alcalis, sweat, fruits, and urine, are more difficult to be discovered. These difficulties, however, are in a great measure overcome by observing, that acids redden all black, brown, and violet colours, and in general all those which are made with sorrel, iron, and the astringent principle. They also redden all the blue colours, except those of indigo and Prussian blue. Yellow colours are rendered pale by acids, but the yellow produced by annatto becomes orange.

Alcalis cause scarlet, and the colours of the red Brazil wood, and of logwood, to become violet. They convert green woollen cloth into yellow, yellow into brown, and the colour of annatto into a lively red.

Sweat has the same action upon these colours as the alcalis. Grease spots may be removed by alcalis, soap, yolk of eggs, alumina, by essential oils dissolved in alcohol, and by the means of a temperature which volatilizes the grease.

The oxides of iron are removed by oxalic acid.

The acids are destroyed by the alcalis, the alcalis by the acids, and the stains of fruit on white stuffs, by sulphuric or oxygenated muriatic acid.

Compound spots are difficult to be removed: to destroy, for example, a stain made by the grease of wheel-work, we must first dissolve the grease, and then take away the oxide of iron which remains by oxalic acid.

It often happens that the substances employed for these purposes, alter the colour of the stuffs. In this case, a knowledge of the art of dying is serviceable. The chemist can remedy this defect, as the following examples prove: Let us suppose, that an alcali has been employed to remove the stain of an acid from a violet blue, or red cloth, and that a yellow spot remains; by applying a solution of tin the original colour will be reproduced. For brown cloths so injured, a solution of sulphat of iron must be used.

When a yellow cloth has been converted into brown by an alcali, an acid will restore it to its primitive state.

Black cloth dyed with logwood becomes red with acids. These red spots become yellow with alcalis, and pass to black by an infusion of nut galls.

One part of indigo, dissolved in four of sulphuric acid, and then diluted with water may be employed with success to re-establish a blue colour on woollen or cotton. Scarlet which has altered its appearance may also be restored by cochineal and a solution of tin.

Vegetable acids should have the preference over the others, when they can be used advantageously.

Sulphuric acid will remove the stains of fruit. This acid does not change blue silk, or yellow cotton, or the colours produced by the astringent principle.

Of the alcalis, ammonia, being most readily employed, and soon volatilizing, is most preferable for removing stains. It is most advantageous to use it in the gaseous state, for then its action is rapid and does not injure the colour.

Spots of ink, iron mould, and all ferruginous spots may be taken away by oxalic acid.\* The colour may then be re-established by an alcali or a solution of tin. From white stuffs or paper, these

spots may be taken away by the oxygenated muriatic acid.

In the *Esprit des Journaux* for May 1798, the following process for removing ink spots from linen is published:—Some tallow or suet is melted in a ladle; the spots are imbued with it and the linen is then washed. Lichtenberg has confirmed this simple process, and has even succeeded in removing ink spots by merely washing with soap.

Spots caused by alcalis and sweat are removed by acids, or better, by a solution of tin.

Chaptal recommends the following means to be employed when the stains are compound:—Dissolve some white soap in alcohol, and mix the liquor with the yolks of four or six eggs; then add to it some oil of turpentine, and form the whole into paste with fuller's earth. This composition removes all kinds of stains except those of ink and iron mould. The spots are to be moistened with water and rubbed with the paste. The lustre of the stuff may be recovered with a brush dipped in gum water. A sheet of paper is then to be applied, on which are placed a piece of cloth and a considerable weight, for the purpose of drying the stuff, and restoring its original appearance.

\*The powder sold in the shops for this purpose, under the name of *salt of lemons*, is only a mixture of two parts of carbonate of potash, with one of oxalic acid.

## SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

The following appalling instance of spontaneous combustion occurred in the vicinity of Florence in 1776. Don Gio Maria Bertholi having spent the day in travelling about the country, arrived in the evening at the house of his brother-in-law; he immediately requested to be shown to his destined apartment, where he had a handkerchief placed between his shirt and shoulders, and being left alone, betook himself to his devotions. A few minutes had scarcely elapsed when an extraordinary noise was heard from the apartment, and the cries of the unfortunate priest were particularly distinguished; the people of the house hastily entering the room, found him extended on the floor, and surrounded by a light flame which receded (*à mesure*) as they approached, and finally vanished. On the following morning the patient was examined by M. Battaglia, who found the integuments of the right arm almost entirely detached and pendent from the flesh; from the shoulders to the thighs the integuments were equally injured; and on the right hand, the part most injured, mortification had already commenced, which, notwithstanding immediate scarification, rapidly extended itself. The patient complained of burning thirst, was horribly convulsed, and was exhausted by continual vomiting, accompanied by fever and delirium. On the fourth day, after two hours of comatose insensibility, he expired. During the whole period of his suffering, it was impossible to trace any systematic affection. A short time previous to his decease, M. Battaglia observed with astonishment, that putrefaction had made so much progress, that the body already exhaled an insufferable odour, worms crawled from it on the bed, and the nails had become detached from the left hand.

The account given by the unhappy patient was, that he felt a stroke like the blow of a cudgel on the right hand, and at the same time he saw a lambent flame attach itself to his shirt, which was immediately reduced to ashes, his wristbands at the same time being utterly untouched. The handkerchief, which as before mentioned, was placed between his shoulder and his shirt, was entire, and free from any trace of burning; his breeches were equally uninjured; but though not a hair of his head was burnt, his coat was total-



ly consumed. The weather on the night of the accident was calm, the air very pure; no empyreumatic or bituminous odour was perceived in the room, which was also free from smoke; there was no vestige of fire, except that the lamp, which had been full of oil, was found dry, and the wick reduced to cinder.

M. Fodoré observes, that the inflamed hydrogen, occasionally observed in church-yards, vanishes on the approach of the observer, like the flame which consumed P. Bertholi; and as he, in common with others, has remarked that this gas is developed in certain cases of disease, even in the living body, he seems inclined to join M. Mere in attributing this species of spontaneous combustion to the united action of hydrogen and electricity in the first instance, favoured by the accumulation of animal oil and the impregnation of spiritous liquors.

#### Diving Bell at Port Patrick, Ireland.

The Diving Bell, or rather the improved instrument now in use at Port Patrick, is a square cast metal frame, about 8 feet high, 22 feet in circumference, and weighing upwards of 4 tons. This frame is open below, and at the top are 12 small circular windows made of very thick glass, such as are sometimes seen used on board of ships. These windows are so cemented, or puttied in, that not a bubble of water can penetrate; and when the sea is clear, and particularly when the sun is shining, the workmen are enabled to carry on their submarine operations without the aid of candles, which would consume nearly as much air as an equal number of human bellows. In the inside of the Bell are seats for the workmen with nobs to hang their tools on, and attached to it is a strong double air pump, which is a great improvement on the old fashioned plan of sinking barrels filled with air. From this pump issues a thick leathern tube, which is closely fitted into the Bell, and the length of which can easily be proportioned to the depth of water. The Bell is suspended from a very long crane, the shaft of which is sunk to the very keel of a vessel, purchased and fitted up for the purpose, and which is in fact a necessary part of the diving apparatus. On the deck of this vessel is placed the air-pump, worked by four men, with an additional hand to watch the signals. When about to commence operations, the sloop is moved to the outside of the breakwater, the air-pump put in motion, the crane worked, and the aquatic quarrymen descend. From its weight and shape, the machine must dip perpendicularly; while the volume of air within enables the workmen to breathe and keeps out the water. On arriving at the bottom the divers are chiefly annoyed with large beds of seaweed, although from the inequalities of the channel at Port Patrick, and the partially uneven manner in which the ledges of the bell occasionally rest on the rocks, it is impossible to expel the water altogether; this renders it dangerous to descend in rough or squally weather, when the heaving and agitated deep would be apt to dash in the smallest cranny. To guard against the effects of several hours partial immersion in water, the men are provided with large jack-boots, caps of wool and coarse woollen jackets. They also observe the precaution of stuffing their ears with cotton, as the constant stream of air which descends from above, occasions, at first an uneasy sensation, and is apt to produce deafness. A respectable and ingenious gentleman, who had been down in the bell, stated that he felt no inconvenience whatever. Here, then, we have men working with perfect ease and safety, 20, 25, and sometimes 30 feet below water. In carrying out the new pier it is necessary to make a bed for the foundation stones, which

would otherwise be left at the mercy of the waves; this is the duty of the divers. With picks, hammers, jumpers, and gunpowder, the most rugged surface is made even, and not only a bed prepared for the huge masses of stone, which are afterwards let down, but the blocks themselves strongly bound together with iron and cement. By means of a tin tube, the powder is kept quite dry, and a branch from the larger cavity, hollow and filled with an oaten straw, is lengthened to the very surface of the water before the fuse is lighted.

#### ADULTERATION OF VINEGAR.

People who are in the habit of making pickles, often find them of a bad colour, and sometimes reduced to a pulpy consistence, besides being, in many other respects, totally unlike what they had reason to expect. This failure, in perhaps every case, arises from the fraudulent adulteration of the acid by the cheap addition of the sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol) of which a few drops suffice for a gallon of weak sour beer, giving it the appearance of good strong vinegar. Chemistry furnishes various modes of ascertaining whether the vinegar contain this acid; the following I consider to be the easiest to persons who are unaccustomed to the use of tests, and to whom it is an object to possess pure vinegar. A very small sample will be sufficient for the experiment.

Dissolve some acetate of lead (sugar of lead) in water, and pour it gradually into the vinegar. If a precipitate be formed (that is, if after a short time a sediment fall to the bottom of the vessel) it either proceeds from sulphuric or tartaric acid. To determine this point, pour off the liquor from the sediment, to which add a portion of nitric acid, (aqua fortis) and if this acid dissolve the sediment the vinegar is free from the sulphuric acid.

Vinegar is also adulterated by grains of paradise, *Daphne Mezereum*, pepper, &c. which may be discovered by evaporation to the consistence of syrup. If the taste of the residue is not only acid, but acrid and burning, it may be concluded that these substances are present. These adulterations are still better discovered by saturating the acid with an alkali; in this case the acrid taste is still more sensible. An alkali also serves to determine the quality of vinegar. It requires only two ounces of good vinegar to neutralise one drachm of carbonate of potash (salt of tartar.) This effect will be known when the vinegar ceases to cause an effervescence.

#### THE SNAKE-CATCHERS OF INDIA.

The snake-catchers of India are called *Cunjoors*, a word which has been corrupted by Europeans into *Conjurors*. The animal to whose instinct they are the most indebted in their calling, is the Mongoose, or *Ichneumon*; which conducts its conflict with the Cobra de Capello, the most venomous tribe of snakes, with astonishing dexterity. It is curious to observe, says Mr. Johnson, in his *Sketches of Field Sports in India*, with what dexterity these little animals conduct the fight, always attacking the tail first, and by that means disabling the enemy with the least danger to themselves; they then approach nearer and nearer, towards the head, taking off a scale or two at a time; at last, they seize him behind the head and destroy him. I have reason to think that the people who exhibit the fight, in most cases, first deprive the snake of his venomous teeth, as they very unwillingly allow the Mongoose to attack a snake fresh caught. I have had a dozen fowls bitten by the

same snake; the first died in a few seconds, and so on, each in a proportionally longer time, to the twelfth, which was more than an hour in dying. The method these people adopt to catch snakes is as follows:—as snakes never make holes for themselves, but inhabit those made by other animals, such as lizards, rats, mice, &c. in order to ascertain if they are occupied by snakes, they examine the mouths of the holes, and if frequented by them, the under part is worn smooth by the snake passing over it, with sometimes a little sliminess; whereas, if frequented by any animal having feet, they cause a roughness in the earth. When they discover a hole frequented by a snake, they dig into it very cautiously, and if they can lay hold of its tail, they do it with the left hand, at the same instant grasping the snake with the right hand, and drawing it through with the left, with astonishing rapidity, until the finger and thumb are brought up by the head, when they are secure. I have seen them catch them in the same manner when gliding fast on the ground.

Whenever they attempt to catch snakes, there are always more than one present, and a second person carries with him a goor goorie, which is a smoking machine, made generally of a cocoonut below, with an earthen funnel above, containing fire-balls: in this fire they have always secreted a small iron instrument about the size of a prong of a table-fork, curved into the shape of a snake's tooth, tapering from above, and whenever they are bitten, they first put on a tight ligature above the bite, then suck the part, and as soon as blood appears, they introduce this instrument red hot into the two orifices made by the teeth, and take some bazar spirits, if they can procure any, in which they infuse a small quantity of bang, (a species of wild hemp,) which mixture by the natives is called gongeah, but sometimes they use tobacco instead of bang.

As far as I could learn, these are the only remedies that they ever adopt, and according to their account, often succeed. It is a great many years since I saw Fontana on poisons; but, as well as I can recollect, he gives a drawing and description of the formation of a viper's venomous tooth; however, as few of my readers may be acquainted with its mechanism, I will attempt a short description of it: There are generally two in the upper jaw, perforated through their centre from the root to within a line or two of their point, acting as a conductor for the poison: these teeth are extremely sharp and small,—the snakes also have the power of elevating or depressing them. In a large snake they can penetrate the flesh at least a fourth of an inch, and the poison is introduced about the sixth of an inch deep into the flesh of a person bitten: the glands near the eyes, which secrete the poison, have strong muscles attached to, or rather acting on them, which muscles act at the will of the animal, forcing the poison through a cysted conductor into the hollow of the tooth, and through it into the person bitten; which clearly shows that any external application, unaccompanied with incision or burn, will have little effect in stopping the progress of the poison. The apertures made by the teeth are filled with the venom, which being glutinous, chokes them, and prevents any blood from flowing, so that the person bitten cannot often discover the exact places of their insertion.

Mr. J. adds, that he has seen one kind of snake in India, of a sluggish nature, with beautiful marks on its skin resembling the eyes in a peacock's tail, which has four venomous teeth, the usual number being only two; and that he has also met with a viper with three venomous teeth on one side, and one on the other, perfect, and all surrounded at their roots with the usual cyst.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICE FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

*Linens Bleached with Lime.*—Every body knows the injury which is done to linen by bleaching it with lime. It is easy to detect linens which have been so bleached in the following manner:—cut off a scrap of the new linen which you wish to examine, put it into a glass, and pour upon it several spoonfuls of good vinegar. If the linen contain lime, the acid will excite considerable effervescence accompanied with a slight noise; otherwise no effect is produced.

Proportion of the use of the letters of the English alphabet.

In 10,000 letters,—			
E occurs	1249 times	C occurs	256 times
T	945	U	255
A	761	W	226
O	740	Y	200
H	709	G	189
I	689	P	157
N	674	B	144
S	670	V	96
R	612	K	59
L	413	J	29
D	370	X	11
F	269	Z	7
M	264	Q	6

*Geological.*—In the foundations digging for the new buildings in the Salt-market, Glasgow, it is curious to observe the fine beds of sand into which the labourers dig, to the depth of six or eight feet, and deeper if they choose to go. This sand is of the purest and finest description, intermixed with pebbles of various kinds, as fresh and fair, and fine as if picked up yesterday upon any sand bank in the river. Indeed the whole resembles more the sand pebbles found upon the shores of the river in the immediate neighbourhood of Glasgow, and which must have been washed by the waters of the Clyde, or rather frith of the Clyde, but it is impossible to determine the period when this was the case.

#### BOTANICAL MEMORANDA.

*Virtue of Oranges.*—In consequence of the great sickness and mortality which recently prevailed among the prisoners in the Penitentiary, Millbank, London, and its being reported by a Coroner's Jury that some alternative regimen in the prisoners' diet was required in their opinion, Mr. Bennet, in the House of Commons asked the question of Mr. Peel if any thing had been done towards attending to the recommendation of the Coroner's Jury. Mr. Peel answered, that a committee of medical gentlemen had been directed to report their opinion on the subject, and the result was a recommendation that each prisoner should be allowed three oranges per diem; and a quarter of a pound of meat, in addition to their former allowance, which was soup, gruel, and bread only. One orange was directed to be taken by each prisoner the first thing in the morning, and the remainder during the day.

The first China orange which appeared in Europe, was sent as a present to the old Conde Mellor, then Prime Minister to the King of Portugal; but of the whole case sent to Lisbon, there was only one tree which lived, and became the parent of all the flourishing trees since cultivated by the gardeners. It is supposed that the orange-trees at Beddington, in Surrey (which were introduced from Italy by Sir Francis Carew,) were the first that were brought to England. They were planted in the open ground, under a moveable covert, during the winter months, and had been growing there more than a hundred years—i. e. before 1595. These trees all perished in the



great frost of 1739-40. It has also been supposed to be a native of the Hesperides, or Canary Islands, and its fruit to be the golden apples which the daughters of the Hesperus caused to be strictly guarded by a dragon. The smell of the orange flower is exquisite. Du Tour is quite eloquent in its praise. He says, "the scent of the orange-flower is regarded as a standard of perfection in its kind."

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*The Lapland Marmot.*—This wonderful little animal is found only in the northern parts of Europe and Asia, and is sometimes seen in immense numbers, overspreading large tracts of countries, in Norway, Sweden, and Lapland. But as its appearance is at very uncertain periods, and the source from whence it is derived has not been hitherto explored by any naturalist, its existence has been seriously attributed by superstitious ignorance, to the generation of clouds, from whence, it has been supposed, it was poured down in showers of rain. Myriads of them march together; and, like a torrent which nothing can resist, their course is marked with ruin and desolation. Neither fire nor water prevents their progress. They go straight forward, in regular lines, about three feet asunder, and generally in a south-east, direction: they swim across lakes and rivers: no opposition impedes them. If thousands are destroyed, thousands supply their places; the void is quickly filled up; and their number does not appear diminished. They persist in their course, in spite of every obstacle; and if prevented from proceeding, they either by assiduity surmount it, or die in the attempt. Their march is mostly in the night. They rest during the day, and devour every root and vegetable they meet with. They infect the very herbage, and cattle are said to perish that feed upon the grass they have touched.

#### LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work. MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

#### On the Moral Tendency of Novel Reading.

While it has been the constant practice in all periods of the world for mankind to decry the morality of the age in which they lived, and to exalt that of the preceding, a disposition has manifested itself to attribute this degeneracy principally to the inordinate reading of novels and romances. It must be confessed that in the present day, the world is as much overrun with this species of poison as it was in the time of Cervantes, whose inimitable writings tended in a great measure to bring those books of knight errantry, which he so admirably satirizes, into disuse and contempt. This, however, merely cut down the tree; the root was left untouched; and from that root has sprung another tree more flourishing than the former. There seems in novel reading to be an unaccountable fascination. A person once habituated in it, becomes abstracted from every other object; he can attend to nothing else; all his senses are absorbed in his favourite amusement; his affairs are neglected; and, if he is not possessed of an independent fortune, his ruin becomes inevitable. From the perusal of some modern novels, we might suppose that they possessed little attraction, and were destitute of every thing that could compensate for the time spent in reading them. Novels are, in fact, in general both in matter and style the most contemptible productions that can possibly be conceived; and the reading of them by any one possessed of common discernment can only be reconciled on the ground of its having become a habit.

But in censuring the greater part of those novels which are daily issuing from the press, it is not our intention to condemn the whole of them. It is the abuse and not the prudent use of them of which we complain. A well regulated perusal of these works is not only proper, but absolutely necessary to a person of liberal education. Were the reading of novels to be altogether discountenanced, we should lose one of our most rational and innocent recreations. Who that admires an intimate display of the human heart, but must be delighted with the History of Tom Jones, the genuine humour of Humphrey Clinker, and the lively and accurate delineation of men and manners in Peregrine Pickle and Roderick Random? The humour of Smollet, we admit, sometimes borders on indelicacy, and it may be well to defer the perusal of his works till the judgment is matured by experience. But notwithstanding their faults, we may reasonably despair of again seeing their equals.

Were the novels and romances of the present day subjected to such an ordeal as that of the library of Don Quixotte, they would merit little better treatment. How such a trial would clear the shelves of our circulating libraries, and what a benefit it would confer on the community! They have been in a great measure rendered harmless by the celebrated works of Dr. Greenfield, the author of Waverley, who has so much concentrated the attention of novel readers, that the reading of his works is become indispensable, and the works themselves the common topic of conversation. It is to the credit of the national taste that books so popular are really deserving of the celebrity they have attained. They are the productions of a gigantic mind, and evince marks of superior genius, and inexhaustible invention. It may with safety be said, that the time employed in an attentive perusal of them need not be lamented as lost or mis-spent.

Under proper restrictions, novel reading cannot be injurious to morals: on the contrary, we consider it both amusing and instructive. The only danger is that of running into excess. Those juvenile readers who are so unfortunate as to have no guide to their studies, would do well to abstain altogether from this class of literature. Those whose arduous duty is to instruct the rising generation, ought to be particularly careful to guard against a habit so pregnant with the most ruinous consequences. This advice is particularly applicable to the guardians of the fair sex. What is more deplorable than to see those whose beauty is our pride, and whose understandings are capable of the highest cultivation, devote the whole of that time which might be so much more advantageously employed to the reading of novels and romances? We trust that this practice, which is become so common, will soon be exploded, and our fair countrywomen be found emulating the other sex in the attainment of useful knowledge.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### A DREAM.—A TRAGEDY.

One evening in the month of July, I sat at my chamber window, gazing on the vast expanse of heaven, and on the serene and moving moon. My mind was buoyant, and forsaking the confines of this body of earth, it travelled through air; it visited the regions of poetry and romance, and revelled, at will, amidst the wildest fantasies. Now I seemed to breathe in the cool kiosk, now to linger in the cloister's gloom, and now to ramble through cinnamon groves. At one time I appeared to be sailing in the gondolas of the Adriatic, with *una bella signora* seated by my side; at another to be tuning the sweet guitar, and singing my love to Castilian maids.

But finally, I began to yield to the influence of Morpheus; my thoughts became fluctuating, desultory, and indistinct, and throwing myself on my mattress, I was quickly in a slumber. Dreaming, as usual, I thought I was carried through the air, and landed in a garden of the gayest flowers. Their fragrance perfumed the zephyrs, and so delicious it was, that it seemed to come from the garden of paradise. I ranged through the gravelled walks, snuffing the gale, and plucking the most delicate and sweet-scented blossoms. Presently I arrived at a vista, shaded by the curling tendrils of the vine which were loaded with fruit. I entered, and after walking several paces, found myself in an extensive park. It was arranged in regular walks bordered by lofty weeping-willows, and poplars. In the spaces between were groves formed by various shrubbery, and the open ground was covered by a verdant sward.

I strayed in this beautiful delusion, admiring its shade, its trees, and its bowers; and I thought I must have been conducted to those charming abodes, where Telemachus visited the ghost of his sire. Who knows, thought I, but I may encounter the wise man of Ithaca myself, and talk with him of the siege of Troy? Who knows but I may meet with the spirit of Plato, or converse with the soul of the Samian Sage? Raising my eyes, however, I saw not the ghosts of the dead, but the forms of two living and palpable creatures.

One was a tall and graceful maiden, robed in modest but elegant attire. On her head she wore a turban of the finest fabric; and under the turban behind, hung short but beautiful tresses of dark brown hair. The other was a youth, whose figure was finely proportioned. His coat resembled the common frocks, and he had a crimson sash round his waist, in which hung a sword superbly embellished. His right hand was thrust in the bosom of his coat, and the girl I have described, rested on his other arm. They walked along before me, reckless of my presence, and appeared to be engaged in a conversation of uncommon interest. Directly I heard him ask in a tone of great tenderness, at the same time looking in the maiden's face, "my dearest Francesca, why not be wedded at once?" "Because, Troilus, my father has forbidden it. He wavers between your suit, and that of Henriques, and it may be, Troilus," she said, with a faltering voice, "that he will give me to the arms of the man I detest!" "What, rob you from me, Francesca? rob you from me? by the gods he shall not! my sword is too sharp." "I fear he will," said the girl with audible sobs.—"I fear he will!" "Not while Troilus lives," said the youth, kissing Francesca's cheek—"be calm, my love. Am I not here? Can I not shield thee, Francesca? Who can do hurt to thee, if I defend?" "These are the fears of love—they may be false, and yet Troilus dear, yet I forbode—" "Fear not, sweet jewel of my soul, fear not. This sword shall pierce through that vile worm, Henriques, and ere you wed with him, I'll tear him piecemeal." "You are brave indeed," said a fierce and brutal looking man, rising from a thicket; "I send thee this kind sir," he added, piercing Troilus through the body with a dagger; "and thou" said he, seizing the girl by the hair "thou shalt indeed wed him—wed thy Troilus—thy sweet and doating boy—yes, thou shalt wed him—here is a ring," he added, pulling the knife from the body of the prostrate youth, "here is a ring to wed thee, lady, with." "Forbear!" I screamed aloud, and ran the sword of the murdered lover through the villain's heart. He fell with a groan, and looked, as he laid on the earth, like a fiend from hell. The lady uttered wild and piercing cries, and, struck with horror, I awoke.

TORRISMOND.

#### EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 29. of Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Love in the Galley's The Uncalled Avenger.* William Mortimer.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Customs of the Fantees, on Cape Coast, Africa.*

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres. Dramatic Anecdotes.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of William Weston.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On the Constitution and mode of action of Volcanoes; by A. Von Humboldt. No. I. Volcanoes in the Sun. The Microscope. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Disquisitions on Oriental Literature No. 1.*

POETRY.—*To Robert Southey on the appearance of his first Laureate Ode, and To the Moon at Sea. "By Frances Wright." Song, and The Home of her I loved. "By Laura." To Francisco. "By Mortimer." To a Dying Humming Bird. "By J. R. Sutermeister."*

GLENNER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are afraid the lines "On Solitude" are of too sombre a cast for the readers of the MINERVA.

#### THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

The junction of the waters of the Mohawk with those of the Hudson, by means of the Erie Canal, was celebrated at Albany on the 8 inst. in a style which has probably never been surpassed in this country.

At the last monthly meeting of the Horticultural Society, Dr. Mitchell presented some scarce seeds from Trinidad, for the use of the Society.

A vacation occurring in Mr. Hall's Classical Seminary at Mount Vernon, he has obligingly yielded to the wishes of the Agricultural society, and consented that the Annual Fair should be held at that place on the 28th and 29th inst.

Fine sweet potatoes, raised in Farmington, in this state, nearly equal to those raised at the south, have been sold at Palmyra.

Crackers of an excellent quality, made at Auburn in this state, are now for sale in this city, at a cent the half-dozen.

A sample of cloves has been sent to this country, the produce of the island of St. Domingo. The tree from which the sample was taken, produced 60 lbs.

On Saturday last, the Common Council proceeded to the ground selected by them for a city burying ground, to witness the ceremony of laying the corner stone accompanied by several of their fellow-citizens.

The Mummy which was lately imported at Boston from Egypt, is now exhibiting in this city. We shall take an early opportunity of giving a full account of this interesting curiosity.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, have just offered among their premiums, the gold medal of 30 guineas to the person who shall invent and discover to the society, a method of preventing accidents arising from Stage coaches.

#### MARRIED.

Mr. Augustus Hugas to Miss Elizabeth Jackson.

Mr. William W. Coleman, Esq. to Miss Charlotte Baker.

Mr. J. R. Wheeler to Miss Ann Burtzell.

Mr. James Caberty to Mrs. A. McNally.

Mr. N. Phillips, Esq. to Miss Hester Seixas.

Mr. John Barriger to Miss Ann Maria Shute.

Mr. William M. Summers to Miss Asenath Lucas.

Mr. John Dela Montanye to Miss Harriet Hubbs.

Mr. James Van Winkle to Miss Ann Maria Williams.

Mr. Charles Lager to Miss Eleanor Poland.

Mr. Caleb Fordham to Miss Hannah Rose.

#### DIED.

Mr. James Magee, aged 30 years.

Mrs. Hannah Hitchcock.

Mr. John McGie.

Mrs. Phebe Graham, aged 85 years.

Mrs. Ruth Brown.

Mrs. Mary Thornton, aged 34 years.

Mr. Benjamin W. Peck, aged 35 year.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

The following is intended as introductory to a series of poems on some of our celebrated literati of Gotham City, who take greater liberties with other men's thoughts than is consistent with justice. J. T. & Co.

It is a greater offence to steal dead men's labours than their clothes. SYMBIOT.

When genius first in heavenly lustre bright,  
Durst through th' Egyptian gloom of mental night;  
When the fair orb of science sheds its rays,  
Resplendent shining with its meteor blaze,  
The dense dark clouds of ignorance dispell'd,  
That long in adamantine chains the world had held.

Then to Minerva's face the narrow road,  
A lonely, steep, forbidding ascent show'd;  
But yet the Herculean task a chosen few  
With vigour, strength, and energy went through;  
They spurned the dangers that did them environ,  
And thus auspiciously commenced th' age of iron.

But as successive ages roll'd along,  
They in their course increased th' aspiring throng,  
That eager sought to celebrate their fame,  
And hand to posterity a peerless name.  
To be renown'd on history's fairest page,  
And thus marked the bright era of the silver age.

The days of iron and those of silver past,  
Next comes our own—the hopeful age of brass—  
And swarms of authors through the crowded way,  
To the bright face that own'd Minerva's way;  
But now alone dull ignorance remains—  
Alas! no longer there the heavenly goddess reigns.

Yet still the "creaking press" unceasing pours  
Its teeming labours in promiscuous showers:  
Volumes of every kind, of every size,  
Spring up like mushrooms 'fore our wondering eyes."  
The old proverb says, "while sun shines make the hay!"  
Thus plagiarism is the "order of the day."

TEAZLER & CO.

For the Minerva.

## RETROSPECTION.

To sit alone—to muse on days gone by,  
When happiness was felt through all the soul,  
When friends were smiles like summer meteors bright,  
And ah! as transient too—when the young heart  
Was dancing in the golden light of joy;  
And, when the pillar that upheld our hopes  
Was wreath'd with flowers that hid its hollows;—  
Oh! 'tis a mournful pleasure!—oft enjoy'd,  
When all the plaintive sounds of summer eve  
Swell in sweet concert. I have dream'd of hours  
When all was ecstasy; and I have gaz'd  
Entranc'd, on the fair visions shadow'd forth—  
Too bright, too gentle, for reality.  
But the dark cloud, that hung suspended in  
The bright cerulean arch, was rent at last;—  
The thunder deafen'd me—the red wing'd bolt,  
That heaven in wrath sends to a guilty world,  
Blinded my vision—when the storm blew o'er,  
Where were the forms that flutter'd in my path,  
Like bright wing'd butterflies; whose silver harps  
Warbled bewitching music in mine ear?  
Oh! they have fled, for ever fled; and long,  
Long, ere I reach'd the zenith of my days,  
This world is left for me a wilderness.  
This heart is scar'd and blighted; and the flowers  
That charm'd at dawning, by the midday's breath  
Have lost their life and beauty; and now hang  
Their wither'd garlands round my broken lyre,  
In memory of departed happiness.  
My morning sky is clouded—and the star  
That hope hung there, shining in golden light  
To beckon me to bliss, hath lost its beams,  
And only serves to show how dark, and drear,  
Is now the landscape, upon which it shone  
In tranquil loveliness. The bond of love  
Is snapp'd in sunder—and th' averted eye  
Of what was friendship once, and the dark frown  
On that once open brow, all, all combine  
To warn me how illusive was my joy! CORNELIA.

For the Minerva.

Petrarch's address to Laura soon after the commencement of her domestic trouble.

To—

Thou may'st think I've been too free,  
And inquire what I design;  
Why I gave my heart to thee,  
Knowing thou canst ne'er be mine.

Answer, I have none to make,  
Why my heart to thee I give;  
But, believe me, for thy sake,  
I would even cease to live.

Tell me not that I am wrong,  
Oft does conscience say the same;  
But affections firm and strong,  
Lest not, though foil'd with blame.

Though unhappy I must be,  
Though my soul is drown'd in care,  
Still my thoughts shall dwell on thee;  
All thy sorrows will I share.

Sorrows!—yes, thou hast thy part,  
This, with grief, I long have known;  
Though thou hid'st from me thy heart,  
Still thy sorrows are my own.

Why on thee is sadness hurl'd?  
What has caused thy peace to fly?  
Who has made thee hate the world?  
Tell me, tell me, is it I?  
From whatever scourge they be,  
Would I could thy troubles bear:  
Wretchedness belongs to me;  
I can even welcome care.

To unhappiness resign'd,  
Joy no more shall cheer my heart;  
To my bosom is confin'd  
Grief, with which I would not part.

No—I would not love thee less:—  
Peace of mind I now disdain!  
Melancholly is my bliss!  
And calamity my gain!

Now my foes may raise alarms,  
And account me all that's ill:  
If the world should rise in arms,  
Be assured, I'll love thee still.

If thou bid'st me hold my peace,  
I the mandate must obey:  
But to love thee, shall I cease!  
No, not till my dying-day. ECCENTORIA.

## VERSES.

The hours of my life are run, my love,  
And my spirit shall soon be fled;  
And deep in the darkness of death's dreary grave,  
Where slumber the monarch, the beggar, the slave,  
My body shall lie; for that fathomless cave  
Is mortality's dreamless bed, my love—  
Is mortality's dreamless bed.

Thy face I shall see no more, my love,  
Nor thine eyes so lovely and bright;  
For soon as the last-longing sigh of my breath  
Hath left my poor body to coldness and death,  
Mine eyes shall be shut by some friend in their sheath,  
And shall never more meet with the light, my love—  
And shall never more meet with the light.

Thy voice I shall hear no more, my love,  
Nor the music that flowed from thy tongue;  
For the tomb of the dead is gloomy and deep,  
And high on their bosoms is gathered the heap;  
And they ne'er shall be waked from their long long sleep,  
Till the angel's peal shall be rung, my love—  
Till the angel's peal shall be rung.

But yet if thy heart was mine, my love,  
If our vows have not yet been forgot,  
I ask—I conjure thee—sometimes to come near  
To the grave, where thy bosom has nothing to fear;  
I ask—I conjure thee—to drop one sad tear,  
To make holy and hallowed the spot, my love—  
To make holy and hallowed the spot.

## BE TRUE TO THEE.

Be true to thee! O yes—the dove  
Ne'er for her mate more fondly cried,  
Than I for thee, my gentle love,  
When thou wert absent from my side.  
I gaz'd around, but saw no eye  
So bright as thine beam smilingly;  
I listen'd oft, but heard no sigh,  
No friendly voice to welcome me.

Be true to thee? O yes, the night  
Shall change at once to blushing day,  
Ere I forget, in bloom or blight,  
The flower that blest my thorny way;  
In smiles or tears, in joy or woe,  
My heart shall kindly beat for thee;  
And e'en in death 'twill still bestow  
Its parting gift—Fidelity.

## THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

'Tis said the rose is Love's own flower.  
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many;  
And winter on its bloom has power,  
But has not on its sweetness any.  
For though young Love's ethereal rose  
Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,  
Yet still his faded leaves disclose  
The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah! the fragrance lingering there  
Is like the sweets that mournful duty  
Bestows with sadly soothing care,  
To deck the grave of Bloom and Beauty.

For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,  
Its blush extinct, to kindle never,  
That fragrance is but Memory's sigh,  
That breathes of pleasures past for ever.

Why did not love the amaranth choose,  
That bears no thorns, and cannot perish!  
Alas! no sweets its flowers diffuse,  
And only sweets Love's life can cherish.  
But be the rose and amaranth twin'd,  
And, Love their mingled powers assuming,  
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,  
For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

## SI DESERIS, PEREO.

He seem'd to love her, and her youthful cheek  
Wore for a while the transient bloom of joy;  
And he heart throbb'd with hopes she could not speak.  
Now to delight, and mute in ecstasy.  
He won that heart in its simplicity,  
All undistinguish'd in its young tenderness:  
And, smiling, saw that he and only he,  
Had power at once to wound it, or to bless.  
She gave to him her innocent affection,  
And the warm feelings of her guileless heart;  
And from the storms of life she sought protection,  
In his dear love, her home of earthly rest:  
In this sweet trust her opening days were blest,  
And joyously she hail'd her coming years;  
For well she knew that even if distrust,  
There would be one kind hand to dry her tears.  
He left her—and in trouble she awoke  
From her young dream of bliss; but murmur'd not  
Over her silent sufferings, nor spoke  
To any one upon her cruel lot.

## STANZAS FROM THE PERSIAN.

Fair one! take this rose, and wreathe it  
In thy braided hair:  
A brighter bloom will rest beneath it,  
Take this rose, my fair!  
The flower, which late was seen to glow,  
So lovely on that snowy brow,  
Lov'd thy lip, and lightly shed  
A dewy leaf of rosy red,  
To blush for ever there.  
Take thy lily, love, and twine it  
With thy waving hair:  
'Twill gem the ringlets—why decline it?  
Take the flower, my fair!  
And yet its leaflets, pure and pale,  
In beauty, on thy brow will fail:  
That brow attracts all eyes to thee,  
And none will choose or chance to see  
The lily fading there!

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

## Answers to Puzzles &amp;c. in our last.

## CHARADE I.

Fair lady! if I don't mistake,  
The letter A will answer make  
Unto your riddle most profound—  
If not—my wit is run aground.

## II.

In music oft we find a *shake*,  
Which age, and fear may also make,  
As well as war's fell bloody *spear*,  
Which scatters woes, both far and near:  
Join these together and you'll name  
*Shakespeare* of never dying fame.

## NEW PUZZLES.

PUZZLE I.—Why is a Piano like pastry re-  
fused?

PUZZLE II.—Why are boots like a real butcher's slaughter-house?

## CHARADE I.

I'm always in a fright,  
Yet always in a fray,  
I'm ne'er beheld in night,  
Nor even seen in day.

In fire I love to dwell,  
But hate the raging tide,  
Though ne'er in cloistered cell,  
With friars I reside.

In coals I never thrive.  
Nor wood, though fire I love;  
And though with fish I live  
In streams I never rove.

## CHARADE II.

I'm clear, and smooth, and often cut,  
And often on your table put;  
Take off a letter, and you'll find,  
What to possess, I'm much inclin'd;  
Take off another, and you'll see,  
A name for neither you nor me.

## CHRONOLOGY.

## The Christian Era.

- 1678 peace between France and Holland signed at Nimeguen.  
— The Plot, real or supposed, discovered by Titus Oates. Parliament deliberated about excluding the Duke of York, who was ordered to withdraw.  
1679 General peace between the Emperor, France, Sweden, and Denmark. Louisiana discovered by the French.  
— The King of Spain married the daughter of Monsieur.  
1680 The title of Great given to Louis XIV.  
1680 First settlement of the French at Pondicherry, in the East Indies.  
1681 The English House of Commons passed the bill of exclusion against the Duke of York; the House of Lords rejected it. Religious troubles continued in Scotland. James Duke of York, returning from abroad went to reside at Edinburgh.  
— Strasburgh surrendered to Louis XIV.  
— Great dissensions between King Charles and his Parliaments, concerning the exclusion of his brother.  
1682 Louis XIV. caused Algiers to be bombarded.  
1683 Vienna besieged by the Turks, and relieved by John Sobieski, King of Poland.  
— Death of Colbert, the French statesman.  
— The Rye House Plot in England discovered and defeated. The Duke of Monmouth was pardoned, but banished the court, and went over to Holland.  
1684 Luxemburg taken by the French. Truce between France and Spain, and between France and the Empire.  
1685 Death of Charles II. King of England. James II. his brother, succeeded.  
— The Earl of Argyle landing in Scotland, was defeated, and executed as a rebel.  
— The Duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. met with a like fate in England.  
— The Doge of Genoa, obliged to come to Paris to offer satisfaction for an insult done in France.  
— Tripoli bombarded by the French.  
— Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, whereby the free exercise of the Protestant religion was suppressed in France. Many Protestants emigrated.  
— Molinos, a Spanish priest, imprisoned by the Inquisition.  
1686 King James allowed liberty of Conscience; dispensed many from the Test Act, and began to employ Roman Catholics.  
1686 Death of the Prince of Condé.  
— Buda, a capital of Hungary, taken from the Turks, by Charles of Lorraine.  
— League of Augsburg against France.  
— The Venetians took Morea from the Turks.  
1687 Carnival of Venice, where the Duke of Savoy, the Elector of Bavaria, &c. concerted measures against France. Battle of Mohacz, where the Duke of Lorraine completely routed the Turks. Slavonia conquered; Hungary made hereditary in the house of Austria; and Joseph, Archduke, crowned King.  
1687 The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge refused to admit Roman Catholics, and thereby incurred the King's displeasure. Father Petre, the Jesuit, sworn of King James's Privy Council.  
— The Dutch refused to send home the English and Scotch regiments in their service.  
1688 Revolution in England. The Prince of Orange arrived, and King James retired to France. The throne was declared vacant. The Prince and Princess of Orange were proclaimed King and Queen of England.  
— Louis XIV. took Philippsburg, Mannheim, Treves, &c. declared war against Holland.  
— Belgrade taken from the Turks by the Imperialists. Troubles in Russia. Peter the Great mounted the throne.  
1689 King James landed in Ireland, and marched to Dublin, where he held a Parliament.  
1690 Battle of Boyne in Ireland, in which King William gained the victory over King James who returned to France.  
— Battle of Fleurus in Flanders, where Marshal Luxemburg defeated the Allies.  
— Battle of Stafarde in Italy, where M. Catinat defeated the allies, under the Duke of Savoy.  
1691 Pope Alexander granted Bulls to the French Bishops, named by the King, which had been refused since the Assembly of the Clergy in 1682.  
— Treaty of Nipchou in Tartary, which settled the boundaries of the Russian and Chinese Empires.  
1691 Spies taken by Louis XIV. The Prince of Baden beat the Turks at Salankemen in Hungary. Battle of Luzach in Flanders gained by the Marshal Luxemburg.

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